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MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS
BY J. C. COX

600077122P

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

J. C. COX,

Bermondsey.

"Poetry should be a friend to soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man."—KEATS.

LONDON:

UNWIN BROTHERS, PRINTERS, BUCKLERSBURY, E.C.

1867.

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Dedicated,

BY PERMISSION,

TO

JOHN LOCKE, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

FOR

SOUTHWARK.

PREFACE.

LIKE the former volume published in August, 1863, most of the present collection relates to the passing events of the day, the poems being arranged (with but slight alteration) in the same order in which they appeared in the columns of the *South London Journal*.

To the subscribers of this work, as well as to other esteemed friends, the Author begs to tender his best thanks for the encouragement and support so kindly afforded him in its publication; and he trusts it may prove deserving of the approbation of a still more extensive circle of readers.

BERMONDSEY,

July, 1867.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MONODY ON COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE.

DIED FRIDAY, AUGUST 14TH; BURIED AUGUST 22ND, 1863.

THE warrior sleeps, whilst o'er his trophied tomb
His well-earned laurels shall for ever bloom,
And Britain's sons with pride shall hail his name,
And Fame with trumpet-tongue his deeds proclaim
Heroic all; as through his arduous life
Fond Memory views him in the battle-strife;
From youth to manhood, and from manhood—age
Shall History mark him in her faithful page;
At Tarragona and Vittoria tell
How Colin Campbell served his country well;
Right glad the hero's gallant feats to scan,
His self-devotion at Sebastian,
At Demerara, and in China far
He bravely fought, as in the Punjaub War:
Nor fail recount the deeds at Alma done—
Immortal honours he so valiant won;
In India, too, when upward sprang the band
Of demons fierce—with horror spread the land,
His arm victorious laid the rebels low,
As 'twas at Cawnpore—Lucknow theirs to know;

And still successful 'neath his guiding star
Deliverance gave to Ind—her regions far.
Though sterner virtues his in arms to find
Th' illustrious chief to women, O! how kind;
As when from Agra they affrighted came
To seek protection 'neath his honoured name!
Rest! warrior, rest! with thy loved Outram nigh—
'Mid worthies great and good who ne'er shall die,
And Britain's daughters, gazing with a tear,
Shall upward look and breathe thy name so dear.

THE SWALLOWS' DEPARTURE; OR, AN AUTUMN WISH.

See busy round the rural cot
And ivied turret nigh,
The swallows twittering, mount to leave
Their nests 'neath Autumn's sky;
For other climes afar to steer,
All sportive on the wing,
Till Summer comes with all her charms
Her welcome 'gain to bring.

To what fair spot, sweet birds, will ye
Your wondrous flight extend,
With offspring here so loving reared
Fresh blissful hours to spend;
Beneath the sun's all cheering rays
To rest, your journey o'er,
And wake to skim the balmy air,
Its regions to explore?

Will ye across the Western main
Your venturous pinions spread,
Where war's red banner, sad to see,
Still waves above the dead;
Or nearer, thither wing your way
Where rings the battle-cry,
And heroes rise 'gainst Northern rule
To conquer or to die?

Ah! no; ye'll haste to where the sun
Bespreads his orient light,
Perchance to Egypt's distant land,
There gladsome bend your flight;
Or, haply on the honied plains
Of Hybla make your home,
For thence 'tis writ in nature's book,
Blithe birds ye first did come.

How joyous thus like ye to rove
O'er mountain, valley, sea,
And gaze upon Creation's face
From care and sorrow free;
To list the song-birds' varied notes
From out each myrtle bower,
And scent the air perfumed along
By many a lovely flower.

O! may no rude, unfriendly blast
Your bosoms' hope destroy,
As like a beauteous silvery cloud
Ye onward glide with joy;
And soon as to loved fatherland
Your visit there shall cease,
May ye, fond birds, to us return
'Mid joyful sounds of peace!

POLAND.

For Music.

"Oh! for Poland, poor Poland! who does not feel pity,
To see her thus struggling her rights to obtain,
From her borders afar, as from Warsaw, famed city,
The sounds of the conflict come wafted again?

"And around her still more the stern foe is preparing
T' o'erwhelm her, so ruthless, with arm lifted high,
Yet, how bravely she stands, 'neath her banner proud waving,
Determined to conquer, or nobly to die!

"O! ye shades of her heroes so famous in story,
Awake, Sobieski—great Casimir *—rise!
And bespread, as of yore, the bright rays of your glory—
Inspire her with wisdom in this her emprise.

"Though alone does she stand in the pride of her calling,
How great is the honour 'tis hers to command!
As when Sigismund's † sword proved itself so appalling—
The hordes of Muscovy drove out of the land.

"Only think of her children ground down by oppression,
The wrongs she has suffered from age e'en to age,
With the blotting her name, ah! how sad 'tis to mention,
From out the world's nations—from Europe's bright page."

It was thus that fair Freedom bespoke her, as gazing
Adown on the battle-field's fierce raging storm,
Whilst her sons prayed to Heaven, their eyes devout raising,
The *right* He would aid with the strength of His arm.

* Casimir III. † Sigismund I.

THE DEMON OF DISCORD.

From afar, deeply down,
In his realm dark and drear,
The *Arch Fiend* upward rose
On the world to appear;
Through his caverns, so vast,
On his journey he hied,
And he made the *earth quake*
In the strength of his pride;
E'en *Britain* so peaceful
On her high favour'd rock,
Bent her time-honour'd head
At the force of the shock;
Yet no harm was there done,
For united and good,
With her eyes up to Heav'n
Firm as ever she stood.

O'er the great and wide belt,
That volcanic lies nigh,
('Twas the province of late,
Of the *wise* to descry;)
The *Dread Foe* onward press'd,
Dark in mood as its ways
Till he *Etna* soon reach'd
Ere the sun spread his rays;
And ascending its height
Gaz'd the world at the top,
But at *Rome* he look'd first
As if minded to stop;

Other schemes, he, howe'er,
Had within his hot brain,
And his eyes he now cast
O'er the broad *Western Main*,
For 'twas there that the *Fiend*
Had a visit to pay—
To a city well known,
On a certain fix'd day.

So he pois'd his lithe wings,
And he sprang into light,
As the eagle mounts up
In the speed of his flight;
And how soon in the land
Of the *Northerns* was he,
And as loyal as the best
Join'd the ranks of the "*free!*"
In the ears of the Chief
Breathed malignant his breath,
And excited him on
In the war-path of death;
'Gainst the *Southerns* enraged,
Then he left him the more,
With the star-spangled flag
Torn and clotted with gore.

Now exulting he rose
Still to traverse the air,
Like the arrow that flies
Its dread summons to bear;
From the *North* to the *South*,
To *New Zealand* he flew;
To *Japan* and *China*,
Ay, and *Mexico* too;

Next to *Russia* he turn'd,
And he smil'd in his speed,
For a friend he had there,
Who a friend is indeed;
And when *Poland* he reach'd
How he chuckled and gazed,
On his work spread below
He so ruthless had raised;
Then to *Warsaw* he sped
On his lithe sable wing,
As the night o'er the earth
Her dark mantle did fling;
And there, hov'ring around,
He awhile will remain,
Like a vulture to feast
His fierce eyes on the slain.

THE GALLANT BARK BRITANNIA.

A Patriotic Song.

(for music.)

The gallant bark Britannia
Is sailing o'er the main,
She goes on friendly mission bent
In Freedom's cause again;
But darksome clouds thick gathering are,
Their crests the billows rear,
And sounds of war afar on land
Still piercing reach the ear:—

Then here's three cheers for her success
From myriad hearts so free,
God bless the vet'ran pilot—crew,
Upon the troubled sea!
She skims the waves like ocean bird
With graceful pinions spread,
And peace—goodwill to all around
Adorn her figure-head;
Aloft, as freely as of yore
Her pennon proudly floats,
And bids war's trumpet cease its blare—
Its fierce discordant notes:—
Then here's three cheers for bark so good
From hosts of freemen strong,
God speed the vet'ran pilot—crew,
Their vent'rous voy'ge along!

See! bravely now she breasts the tide
While howling comes the blast,
And shadows spread the ocean far
By demon malice cast,
And many a craft floats hurried by
The treach'rous sea has slain,
But faithful to her compass true
She steers her shore to gain:—
Then here's three cheers for Britons' pride
As through she rides the storm,
God grant the vet'ran pilot—crew,
Safe home from every harm.

LINES ON THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS SON OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,
JANUARY 8TH, 1864.

A BEAUTEOUS flow'r through Winter's frost
Has raised his infant head,
The first great gift of the new year,
His sweetness 'round bespread.

We hail thee, O! thou rising gem;
Thou baby Prince, so dear
To thy Royal Parents—gracious Queen,
Her widow'd heart to cheer.

O! may kind Heav'n upon thee smile;
His blessings downward send;
Thy guardian prove in ev'ry need—
Thine everlasting friend.

Ye minstrels of the early year
Your cheerful voices raise,
To Him whose bounty spreads the world,
The Ancient is of days.

"Glory to God!—on earth good will,
And peace to all mankind;"
Be this the theme of ev'ry heart
In Christian love combined.

THE ELFIN REVEL.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."—MILTON.

I DREAMT as peacefully I laid,
Upon my couch at evening's shade
That I was sudden wafted o'er
To Fairy-land—a distant shore,
Where 'neath the moon's sweet silver light
The Elves would hold their revel night;
Upon the greenwood's pleasant mead,
In mystic circles there would tread,
'Mid flowers around of every hue
That love to sip the honied dew;
The hare-bell blue whose chimes so sweet
The list'ning echoes pleased repeat;
The woodbine, emblem of true love
Fraternal, plenteous spreads each grove;
The primrose pale, that loves to dwell
Beside the stream—the crystal well;
The lily on whose spotless breast
The sportive Fairies oft do rest,
And where the roses rich in bloom
Of every kind the air perfume,
With other gems of beauty rare,
That loving shed their odours there.

Now as I musing gazed around,
While Silence pleased still reign'd profound,
And not as yet had seen arise
A single Fay to meet mine eyes,

Behold! as from a thousand lyres,
By fingers press'd true love inspires,
What strains of music met my ear
From out the open brake anear,
Lit by the glow-worm's shining light
That there had come to cheer the night!
And voices soft as seraphs' high
Arose to spread the moon-lit sky,
As well the greenwood paths along,
And this the language of the song:—

"Awake! ye Elfins, merry crew
That in your cells lie hid from view
Of mortal sight;
Arise and spread your silken wings
For list! the hare-bell's summon rings,
Come, cheer the night!

"The moonbeams bright invite your skill—
Your airy gambols to fulfil—
To mount on high,
Where you may speed your sparkling way,
And peep within the courts of day,
And wing the sky.

"O! let this special revel scene,
Be joyous as it e'er has been
In ages gone;
For Elfins know in Britain's isle
Fair Freedom wakes again to smile—
A Prince is born!

"Bespread the news, ye heralds wide,
Britannia's good is Fairies' pride—
A noble race!
We hail thee, O! thou Royal pair,
The parents of the new born heir;
Thou Queen of grace!

"Ye blithsome Elves, be this your aim,
This night your loyalty proclaim,
And glad our eyes;
Your King—your Queen now give the call,
Ye Fays and Fairies—Spirits all,
Arise! arise!"

Then quick as light from out their bow'rs
Within the folded leaves and flow'rs
The Fairies rose—a numerous throng,
And glitt'ring spread the mead along;
In rings concentric form'd around
A hillock 'mid th' enchanted ground,
Where sat enthroned King Oberon,
And his fair Queen, Titania known,
With all their court—a brilliant sight
As e'er I'd seen 'neath Luna's light!
His silken dress, so rich and fine,
With figures—stars, did beauteous shine;
'Twas tasteful made by Fairy hand,
Most highly fam'd throughout the land,
And tinted was with colours rare,
That from the rainbow gather'd were
When smiling through the glitt'ring rain
It spread its glories o'er the plain;
And hers a robe ethereal white,
Wove in the loom of skilful sprite,
'Twas chastly laid—with floral gems,
And both had on their diadems
So wondrous wrought! and worn 'tis said,
When great King Arthur Britain sway'd.

Now graceful rose the Elfin King
And beck'ning Ariel, swift he stood

Before him; "Bear this note," said he,
"To Queen Victoria—gracious, good;
This, too, O Ariel, be your care,
'Tis for the Prince and his Royal Bride,
The parents of th' illustrious child,
'Tis ours as one to hail with pride.

"Away! away! o'er sea and land,
To where the ocean rolls so free
Around Britannia's favour'd isle,
Where Freedom loves her home to be;
There oft the woodlands we have trod,
And joyous tript the meadows green,
As freely as in days of yore,
When Summer round has smiled serene."

A moment's pause, and far from sight
Did Ariel wing his rapid flight,
Rejoicing in his mission rare
To Freedom's land goodwill to bear;
When lo! from out the radiant throng
What joy uprose the mead along,
As promptly to the Royal command
It upward sprang—a countless band!
Above—below—on every side
The welkin spread in Fairy pride;
Some sparkling in the moonbeams play'd,
Some lit like stars the greenwood shade,
And some there were who mounted high,
And gallant skimm'd the azure sky,
Around the stars their circuit made,
And to the moon their visits paid;
Then downward shot with light'ning speed
To join the pastimes on the mead;

Whilst others busy round were seen
In culling flow'rs for their good Queen,
Whom oft in tuneful numbers sweet
The Fairy minstrels love to greet.

'Twas thus with exquisite delight
The Fairies spent their revel night,
'Till Morn, arising from the west,
A cloud bespread the moon's fair breast;
When O! what change came o'er the scene
That had to me so charming been,—
The rev'llers vanish'd from my eyes,
And left me gazing with surprise
Upon the last lone ling'ring star,
So faintly twinkling from afar,
That soon beyond my sight withdrew
And I awoke fresh scenes to view.

THE EAGLES AND RAVEN.

Two eagles from their lofty nests,
With pow'rful beaks and claws,
Late took it in their royal heads
To break through rightful laws;
Upon a Raven weak, though brave,
To pounce with all their sway,
A portion of his home to take,
Another there might stay.

Against a deed so flagrant—harsh,
By birds imperial—high,
The Raven rose with all his brood
To conquer or to die;

And though at times was forced to wing
His flight to other ground,
He still did fight, with all his might,
The foes increasing round.

And, oh! it was a piteous sight
To see the thousands slain,
Of Ravens and their Eagle-foes
Spread o'er the crimson plain;
And some there are who think aright
They ne'er can dwell at ease,
Whilst they the Eagles fierce are left
To do just as they please.

So 'neath sage counsel 'tis agreed,
Amongst the feather'd band,
A meeting soon shall be convened
To take the case in hand;
And measures frame as best may prove
In this so great a wrong,
The weaker birds to aid—protect,
Against the Eagles strong.

The gallant bird that sweeps the Seine
With Britain's, will be there;
And others from afar 'tis said
Will thither too repair;
And much 'tis hoped they'll all unite
In this most urgent cause,
For freedom, peace, goodwill around
To stop such tyrant-laws.

WELCOME GARIBALDI!

For Music.

Welcome, Garibaldi! free
Britain gives her hand to thee,
And her sons and daughters dear
Joyous hail thine advent here.

Freedom, smiling on her throne,
Gazes on thee as her own.
Generous chieftain, ever true,
Her behests so prompt to do.

Naples, in her time of need,
Found in thee a friend indeed;
Tyrant pow'r there strove in vain,
Thou didst rise and break his chain.

Southern climes afar can tell
Of thy gallant deeds as well;
Not alone on land—at sea,
Bled hast thou for liberty.

Patriot of the sunny land!
Leader of a noble band!
To Italia freedom give,
Freely thou wouldst cease to live.

Beauteous flow'rs of Spring arise,
Blithsome 'neath our favour'd skies,
Whilst to greet each festive hour,
Music wakes her every pow'r.

History, hence, in type of gold,
Hero! shall thy worth unfold,
And around thine honour'd head,
Fame a wreath immortal spread!

DENMARK.

"It is not necessary to argue whether the Danes were in the right or not with regard to the Patent of Holstein and the Constitution of Schleswig. They have agreed to recall those Constitutions, and to make the utmost concessions which were originally asked. This little kingdom comes before its mighty oppressors saying, "Have patience with me and I will pay you all;" but the oppressors seize her by the throat, invade her territory, have inflicted on her unutterable calamities, and have instituted a war, which for wantonness and needlessness, is one of the most disgraceful in any portion of ancient or modern history."—THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, *Times*, March 9th, 1864.

IN Northern clime the battle rages still,
The hearts of thousands more with sorrow fill,
Ere Peace, 'tis feared, persuasive lulls the sound,
Or bids its notes discordant cease around—
Bids War's red banner, borne by tyrant hand,
No more to vaunt aloft o'er Freedom's land,
So bravely held by Norsemen—heroes bold,
As hence by History faithful shall be told;
But those, the partners in th' aggressive crime
Ignobly hand adown the stream of Time;
For why such rampant haste—such warlike toil
To gain a portion of the freemen's soil,

When Denmark had with them before agreed
To make concessions, if required indeed;
And Britain great, assurance courteous gave
Her friendly office they should mutual have?
Let no presuming foe to merit blind
Attempt with this her mission fault to find,
For search the record,* and you'll plainly see
None more consistent in her views could be;
No effort left undone to calm the tide
That angry rose and swelled from side to side,
And peace—goodwill, all honour'd be her name,
So studious sought from first to last proclaim;
Be theirs the blame, alone, who reckless sped
With force o'erwhelming Danish blood to shed—
A needless war 'gainst weaker kingdom wage,
The like not seen in History's lengthened page.
And now, alas! with banners waving high,
Blood-stained—inglorious, 'neath the troubled sky,
The foes still fiercely urge th' unequal fight
On Dybböl—Sönderborg to vent their spite;
With blazing cannon, and with bursting shell,
The tale of death and devastation tell;
To women—children, no forbearance show,
But ruthless sweep them to the shades below.
Oh! may kind Heaven at once this conflict stay,
And haste the coming of the conf'rence day;
To each appointed chief true wisdom send,
That all, when met, may Freedom's cause befriend;
The claims of Justice for each kingdom own,
But tyrant-pow'rs unite in putting down.
Thus may soft Peace her blessings wide diffuse,
And Europe pleased bespread the joyful news!

* The Ministerial Correspondence.

FAREWELL, GARIBALDI!

FOR MUSIC.

FARE thee well, Garibaldi!
Kind farewell to thee,
Ere the gallant yacht Undine
Bears thee o'er the sea,
To thine own loved Caprera,
To solitude dear,
Where a thousand fond greetings
'Twill thine be to hear.

On that spot highly favour'd
Thou'lt ponder awhile
O'er the scenes that had risen
In Britain's fair isle;—
On the welcome so wondrous
Was given to thee
By myriads of Britons,
United and free.

And thine heart so devoted,
Will grateful arise;
To kind Heaven above thee
Thou'lt lift up thine eyes;
Whilst the whispers breathed softly
From Nature's rich store,
With the spirit of freedom,
Will cheer thee the more.

Then thou'lt think of Italia,
So beauteous, yet down;
Basely kept by Oppression
'Neath Tyranny's frown;
And thy voice, ever ready
To answer her call,
Thou wilt raise with fresh power,
Her foemen appal.

SONNET

ON THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

"Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

O GIFTED Bard! though peaceful thou hast slept
Through centuries past within the hallowed tomb,
Yet fondly to thee has remembrance kept,
And o'er thee still the laurel fresh does bloom;
Whilst myriads, rising 'neath the potent spell
Of thy creation, celebrate thy fame,
And smiling down the Muses gaze as well,
Approving breathe their Shakespeare's honour'd name;
Thou still shalt flourish; aye, as long as Time
Away, as wont, shall wing his rapid flight,
And ages yet pore o'er thy works sublime,
"Sweet Swan of Avon!" with increased delight:—
Perchance as now, for thee, their plaudits raise,
Thou Nature's poet, and the world's great praise!

THE 'EXCURSION.

Away to the woodlands, their charms so inviting,
We hasten, how joyous! our visit again,
To view their green bowers, the eye so delighting,
And list the blithe song-birds in June's favoured reign.

The lark from the corn-field is tunefully rising,
And carols his matin beneath the blue sky;
The throstle and blackbird the Summer so prizing—
Are piping exultive from tree-top on high.

And see! the gay wildings with blushes fresh glowing,
Adorning the hedge-rows and bushes along;
The rose and the woodbine their odours bestowing;
The violet, sweet violet, so dear, too, to song.

Adown in the meadows the mowers are plying
The keen ready scythe, and how jocund are they!
The cattle are lowing in pastures near lying,
And sweet comes the breeze as we steer on our way.

All nature is pleased; other voices of gladness
Come greeting the ear from the scenes spread around;
Begone is dull care, and there's none dreams of sadness,
As busy we ramble through Chigwell's famed ground.

'Tis here, on this spot, at the Bald Hind* while staying,
We gaze on the green woods, their beauties discern;
The work of our Father in Heaven surveying,
'Till Evening comes smiling and bids us return.

* A noted tavern, with tea-gardens.

EVENING HYMN OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

(ADAPTED TO A PROSE TRANSLATION.)

COME, the hour—loved hour is striking,
Let us to the sunset tree,
There in pleasant shade reclining,
We may rest from labour free.

How I pity those who idly
Lie upon the couch of down
Never tired with toil—yet weary;
Rest like ours to them unknown.

Sweet each hour of rest returning,
And how sweet the Sabbath-day,
When upon the world it smiling
Spreads around its holy ray.

But a sweeter rest remaineth
On that Sabbath blest above,
Where no poverty restraineth
'Neath our Father's bounteous love.

There no sun will be to burn us;
There no sin—no sorrow—pain;
But a sweet repose, and endless,
Will be ours in heaven to gain!

LYMPNE CASTLE, KENT.

ON Lympne's secluded height the castle stands,
A noble structure raised by unknown hands,
The sea o'erlooks—a boundless prospect, wide,
A shady wood adorns its eastern side,

To which, at each return of smiling Spring,
Sweet Philomela hastes her love to sing,
While Echo round repeats the plaintive strain,
And Pleasure ofttimes greets the listening swain.
Anear, coeval with the fortress old,
The church and churchyard see—in story told,
Where, laid for ages 'neath Time's ruthless sweep,
"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;"
And westward nigh are heaps of ruins seen,
That once, 'tis thought, a tower of strength had been;
The whole a port of note in by-gone age,
As may be read in Boswell's* ample page.
'Twas there I roamed of late through Kent's famed ground,
To gaze on scenes so beauteous spread around;
Few days to spend at Lympne hill's calm retreat,
And faces absent long, how joyous meet!
To pace the greenwood, o'er the meadows stray,
And view the village children blithsome play,
Who, freed from school, beneath the master's care,
Had hither come their annual treat to share,—
Well pleased to list, when at the closing scene
They cheerful sang, "God save our gracious Queen!"
Now watch the sun as down his ocean bed
He slowly sank to hide his golden head,
Then back return to S—n's rural cot,
Whose cordial welcome ne'er shall be forgot;
Or, weary grown, to castle-farm repair,
And join the friendly circle gathered there;
Remain the night, resigned to Him whose love
No change of time or place can e'er remove.

* See his picturesque views of the antiquities of England and Wales.

LINES ON THE AWFUL EXPLOSION AT BELVEDERE,

ON SATURDAY, 1ST OCTOBER, 1864.

'TWAS early in the Autumn morn,
When startling on the ear,
There came a sound mysterious borne,
'Twas heard afar as near;
It shook the ground; but who can tell
The fears that did each bosom swell,
Of those who thought, with aspect grave,
A shock it was an earthquake gave?
Nor were such fears removed away
Till noon in sorrow came,
When scenes that had so gloomed the day,
Aloud did Truth proclaim:—
Then gentle Pity heaved a sigh,
The tale so sad to hear,
And gazing round with tearful eye,
She saw the havoc there was spread
By fell explosion, and the dead,
At hapless Belvedere.

'Oh! may kind Heaven the sufferers bless,"
(Thus Pity breathed her prayer,)
"May widows and the fatherless
His love abundant share;
And may they in that scene discern
A lesson all may wisely learn,
To be prepared, that come what will,
His smiles may be their guerdon still;
And as from Death's so sudden call
They've now been spared to live,
May they before Heaven's footstool fall,
And grateful praises give;

So may they faithful serve Him here
  Till their short days shall cease;
Then upward mount, devoid of fear,
To where no danger holds his reign,
A crown immortal, promised, gain,
  In realms of joy and peace."

AUTUMNAL BREATHINGS.

"We all do fade as doth a leaf;"*
  Thus plaintive speaks the holy seer,
And Wisdom bids us note the truth,
  As on we journey, pilgrims here.

Behold! the leaves of varied hue,
  That late their beauteous bosoms spread,
All withered lie; and shall not we,
  When called, be numbered with the dead?

As on these scenes we thoughtful gaze,
  Oh! may we prize the warning given,
Nor longer trust in things below,
  But fix our hearts alone on Heaven.

No fallen leaves from parent stem
  Lie scattered o'er that blissful plain;—
No Death his terror spreads around,
  To wake, as here, the mournful strain.

But trees with golden fruit are there,
  Beside the rivers calm—serene,
In whose pure crystal streams they sweep
  Their branches ever fresh and green.

* Isaiah lxiv. 6.

The fruit there ripens every month,*
  The very leaves have power to heal,
And all within that peaceful realm
  A glad and joyous light reveal.

There may we rest, our journey o'er,
  In presence of the great I AM;
Our harps with hosts angelic tune,
  And sing the praises of the Lamb!

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

(FOR MUSIC.)

"ADIEU! my gentle, dearest Jane,
  The trumpet sounds, I must depart,
But let not grief thy bosom pain,
  A soldier's wife, my Love, thou art;
And know his honour sacred is,
  He ready at the call must be;
I go, my Love, oh, think of this!
  "Thine Henry only lives for thee!"

When marshalled on the battle-field,
  Thine image, Love, my heart shall cheer,
And oft shall Memory pleasure yield,
  To think that thou art cared for here;
To see thee thus, though distant far,
  At this thine own loved, peaceful home;
That glance of thine, like yon bright star,
  Betokening better days to come.

* Revelation xxii. 2.

Amid the cannons' roar and strife
I'll fearless face th' insulting foe,
Whilst thoughts of thee, my Love—my Life,
Shall cherished be where'er I go;
And when this war shall end in peace,
That soon, my Love, I hope to see,
Then may these words thy bosom ease,
"Thine Henry only lives for thee!"

LINES ON THE NATIVITY.

Isaiah ix. 6. Isaiah vii. 14. Luke ii. 1—15.

THE world lay hushed, and Peace profound
Smiled on the teeming earth,
As herald's voice to shepherds round
Proclaimed the Saviour's birth.

Oh! Bethlehem, of poor estate,
To thee what favour shown,
Preferred to cradle Him so great
Who owned in Heaven the throne.

Thrice-honoured spot! tho' mean the bed
On which the infant lay,
Yet 'round his head a glory spread
Beyond the sun-lit day.

And high above, resplendent bright,
There shone the wondrous star,
To guide the sages' steps aright
From Eastern clime afar.

They came the holy child to greet,
And rev'rent bent them low,
The choicest gifts laid at His feet
That Wisdom could bestow.

The *gold* from Ophir meant Him King;
The *myrrh* that He should die;
The *incense sweet* they too did bring
Declared Him God most high.

And now with joy no tongue can tell
The sages journeyed home,
They'd seen the great Immanuel
By prophets told should come.

And softly in each faithful breast
The Spirit whispered peace,
Unfolding scenes of blissful rest,
When here his days should cease.

Lord, grant that we, while here we stay,
May Thy salvation see,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Till Heaven our home shall be!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"A HAPPY New Year!" Oh! the wish we revere
When by Friendship 'tis spoke from the heart,
For it spreads a bright ray on our journey away—
To our bosoms fresh joy does impart.

"A happy New Year!" 'tis a spell that is dear
To each one and to all—is it not?
To the Queen on the throne, who so loving is known,
And to peasant in his lowly cot.

"A happy New Year!" what a boon is it here!
When we think of the scenes viewed around,
Of the clouds overhead that at times are bespread,
And the grief in the bosom is found.

"A happy New Year!" 'tis a token sincere
Of affection 'mongst brethren combined;
'Tis a link in the chain that we fondly retain,
And unites us in love to mankind.

"A happy New Year!" in its spirit how clear!
It partakes of the fervour of prayer,
And invites us to rise and look up to the skies,
And to trust in our Father who's there.

"A happy New Year!" to all far and near,
May the blessing be richly in store,
'Till we're called to our rest in the land of the blest,
And the years—fleeting years know no more.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

The trav'ller on his journey hies
To seek the promised rest,
His faith is firm; Hope cheering smiles;
Love dwells within his breast.

Aside, think not he'll heedless tread
To cull the flowers so gay,
That rising spread their varied hues—
His hours thus while away :—

Inconstant leave his Heavenly Guide
To drink of Pleasure's stream,
That sportive glides with murm'ring sound
Like thought in Fancy's dream :—

Or, that when darksome clouds anear,
With threat'ning aspect rise,
He'll fearful turn from Salem's view
His glad and longing eyes.

For this would be the prize to lose,
So priceless in its worth,
For scenes delusive—empty joys,
That scarce outlive their birth.

Ah no! he'll not the way forsake
That leads to Zion's hill,
Partaking of the bitter fruit
That tastes of Sodom still.

But steadfast on the path of life
From strength to strength he'll go,
Still gazing on yon City bright
Where living waters flow.

And though ofttimes his bosom's joy
By grief be overcast,
He'll safely reach his destined home,
And gain his crown at last.

LINES

On Visiting the South London Industrial Exhibition,
11th February, 1865.

Thrice welcome sight! ingenious, varied store!
Around bespread by Friendship's kindly hand,
Of works artistic, and of others more,
By working men performed—a worthy band!
Who promptly rising at Industry's call,
Their hours of leisure thus did useful spend,
Like *one*, 'twould seem, were they devoted *all*,
A scene that Britain, pleased, may well commend.

In this fair show of science and of art,
What patient labour, and what skill displayed!
By some well-trained, and others too self-taught,
With pleasure by the public eye surveyed:
In their example may we all perceive
A lesson great, 'tis Wisdom's part to learn,
To prize each gift that we from Heaven receive;
And Time improve, that never will return.

Oh! may we see in this our own loved Isle,
Industry's banner waving proudly high,
And friends increasing round, encouraged, smile,
As they anear complete success descry;
While as is wont, His favour great to share,
Our thankful eyes to heaven devout we'll raise,
And thus united, join in humble prayer,
"God speed the work, and bless the coming days!"

THE SNOWDROP.

"From the first bud, whose verdant head
The Winter's lingering tempest braves,
To those, who 'mid the foliage dead,
Shrink latest to their annual graves;
All are for use, for health, for pleasure given,
All *speak*, in various ways, the bounteous hand of Heaven."

AWAKING from her sleeping bed
The snowdrop rears her beauteous head,
The first blithe herald of the Spring,
Her welcome tribute early bring;
When lo! her voice so soft, yet clear
Methinks comes stealing on the ear,
And time with yonder streamlet keeps,
As down the vale it murm'ring sweeps,
From tyrant Frost unbound, and free,
Rejoicing in its liberty:—
"I come," says she, "from depths of snow,
To tell that Winter soon will go,
And smiling Spring her visit pay,
With Sol, bright Sol, to cheer the day;
And other mates of mine will rise
To greet with joy the radiant skies,
While mounting from his lowly nest
The lark high poised his love attest,
And many a warbler from his bower
Will hail the happy spring-tide hour:—
Though but a little flower, I bear
The impress of Almighty care;
In me, O list'ner! you may view
Of purity an emblem true;

The driving gales, and storms of sleet,
I humbly bow my head to meet,
And with my snow-white sisters round
Breathe forth the love of God profound;
These all to man a lesson give
To teach him truly how to live,
That so at last when called may rise,
And dwell for aye in Paradise."

"TRY AGAIN!"

ADDRESSED TO ALL, PARTICULARLY THE WORKING CLASSES, ON THE CLOSING OF THE SOUTH LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 23RD MARCH, 1865.

AY! try, and try, and try again,
It is a precept wise as plain,
That all may safe commend,
And practise, too, if they would rise,
And join in laudable emprise,
Themselves—the world befriend.

What rare examples do we find,
T' instruct as well as cheer the mind
In Hist'ry's blazoned page,
Of heroes great on sea and land,
Who had this *will* at their command,
And strove with "noble rage"!—

Of worthies true, therein as shown,
Whom Britain proudly calls her own,
  Who with the world may vie.
In efforts to improve their race,
And give to learning higher place;
  Whose names will never die!

There, too, in high mechanic art
It ample knowledge does impart—
  Achievements grand relate
Of Arkwright, Watt, and Stevenson,
Whose labours are surpassed by none,
  All working men and great.

Nor these alone; but numbers more
May gathered be from Hist'ry's store,
  And 'mongst the living now,
Whose works of labour and of skill,
Our minds with admiration fill—
  We to their genius bow.

Oh! there is pleasure in the thought
That life for all with hope is fraught,
  The prize is still in view;
And all should strive while yet 'tis light,
For day will soon give place to night,
  When man no work can do.

Then try, oh! try, and try again,
Let nought untried by you remain,
  Right prayerful onward press;
What one can do another may,
Be this your motto, this your stay,
  And Heaven will grant success!

TRIBUTARY LINES TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.

How great his loss! for he rare worker was
In this world's hive of industry and toil,
Right manful striving in fair Freedom's cause,
Her banner high to raise, and give to trade
A passport free; their blessings wide diffuse,
And peace, goodwill, proclaim in ev'ry land.
These—these, the gen'rous objects of his soul,
For which in ev'ry effort of his life,
Within the senate, as without its walls,
He strove t' accomplish for his country's good.
In private, as in public life, he shone,
Beloved for virtues that exalt the man;
Of gentle nature was, and modest, kind,
Sincere, affectionate; a trusty friend,
A husband, father, fondest of the fond;
As well could stricken Durnford mournful tell.
On hill-side steep in Sussex, favoured shire,
West Lavington, now dearly known to Fame,
A lovely spot, anear his own roof-tree,
The great reformer, benefactor, rests,
Where grateful Britons oft shall visits pay,
And pensive gaze upon the honoured tomb;
While Hist'ry, faithful to her trust, shall write:—
"There sleeps a patriot true; an honest man,
Unselfish, self-denying; of all names,
Plain Richard Cobden was with him the best."

MAY.—A RURAL SKETCH.

"Precursor of the Summer's full-grown might!
All honoured mistress of the wooded green!
To thee the fleeting hours their homage plight,
And deck thee in a robe of brightening sheen."

See, charming May, as smiling forth she comes,
Around as wont to spread with lib'ral hand
Her beauteous flowers from Nature's wondrous store,
Our hearts to gladden as we journey here.
The hawthorn, lilac, breathe their rich perfumes,
And graceful down laburnum pensive bows
Her golden head, and greets the vernal morn.
The orchard, too, with blossoms well is stored,
Of rosy fruit a plenteous yield foretels,
And in the garden's cultivated beds
There bloom the hyacinth and guelder rose,
The standard tulip and anemone,
With numbers more, all dear to Fancy known.
And, see, bespread o'er yonder spacious mead
The bright young grass, adorned with daisies white
And buttercups, fair children of the earth,
That still as loving mates together live!
In shady spots, embosomed in the wood,
Among the mossy roots of aged trees
The primrose, violet, ope their modest eyes,
And hail the sunbeams and the genial showers.
The lily of the vale her welcome nods
To twitt'ring wren, on branch of alder nigh,
That bending downward courts the rippling brook,
While many a warbler from his green retreat,
In joyous concert pours his varied song,
And lads and lasses on the village green,
In merry gambols make the welkin ring.

TO THE MEMORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BORN FEBRUARY, 1809. DIED APRIL, 1865.

He fell not in the battle-strife
Upon the crimson plain,
Where War's dread banner proudly waved
Above the myriads slain;
But midst his triumph dearly won,
Forgiving ev'ry foe,
Th' assassin raised his arm at night,
And ruthless laid him low.

Now, when the morn, pale, peering came,
The tidings sad were spread,
That he, indeed, the master-mind,
Was numbered with the dead;
New York her mourning deep put on,
Her progress commerce stayed,
And through her many channels wide
His loss was felt by trade.

In ev'ry street the people rose
At Sorrow's gloomy call,
It seemed as if one stricken heart
Convulsive beat for all.
Strong men together wrung their hands,
And women wept in prayer;
No sight like this had there been seen
Before, or perhaps elsewhere.

And soon across the troubled sea
From Briton's kindred shore,
The voice of Friendship reached the ear,
That did his fate deplore;

Nor thence alone; from other lands
Was heard a plaintive sound,
The sorrow telling there was felt,
By Pity breathed around.

Oh! may kind Heaven the nation guard
In this its trying hour,
Imparting to its chosen chief
True wisdom, joined with power;
Upon the widow, orphans dear,
Of him who peaceful lies,
All needful blessings downward send
In plenteous, rich supplies.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE FATHER OF GRACE DARLING.

DIED AT BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND, MAY 28TH, 1865, AGED 80 YEARS.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

AT length bowed down by years, with honour crowned,
The vet'ran Darling peaceful sank to rest;
How deeply mourned he was by friends around,
These tribute-lines would now the truth attest;
Nor shall his humble worth forgotten be
By gen'rous Britons; e'en from age to age
They'll think of him, who once with Grace so free,
Heroic braved the tempest's fiercest rage.

In open boat from Longstone Island drear,
He onward pressed with Pity prompt to save,
Of self unmindful—undeterred by Fear,
Nine suff'rers rescued from a watery grave;
Of these was one, who nearly drowned had been
Within the wreck; indeed a piteous sight!
Two children dear, clasped in her arms were seen,
Whose prattling tongues had often raised delight,
Now cruel silenced by the treach'rous main,
Ne'er here would lisp their mother's name again.
Oh! may he, "plain good man," when called, arise,
And join his angel-daughter in the skies!

The deceased, William Darling, was thus described a few years before his death by a visitor to Bamburgh:—

"As you are waiting for the service to begin you will see an old man, still hale and strong, but with a wrinkled brow, and hair of silvery white, enter the church. He is clad in the old blue coat with brass buttons, which was fashionable forty years ago, and his nether limbs are draped in trousers of white nankeen. The old man is worth a close inspection for his own sake, for it is not often that you will see a face so singularly calm and beautiful as his; but that is not the reason why I call your attention to him. Yon old man bears a name which still has power to send a thrill through breasts not easily impressed, and which once was famous in the farthest corners of the earth."

THE WOODLAND.

Again charming Summer, with liberal hand,
Her fruits and her flowers bespreads through the land;
The golden-cups, daisies, the meadows adorn;
The sun, see, how cheering looks down on the corn!
The song-birds are heard from their bowers of green,
Rejoicing in Summer, of seasons the Queen;

The larks, soaring minstrels, are mounted on high,
And sing to their loved ones beneath the blue sky;
The honey-bees roving in sunny-lit hours,
And chant as they gather the sweets from the flowers;
And, hark! from yon fields comes a cheerful, shrill sound,
To tell that the mowers are busy around;
While softly from meads that already are shorn,
Are wafted sweet breezes by zephyrs new born.

Through scenes such as these, and a great many more,
Arising, so bounteous, from Nature's rich store,
We journeyed of late to our fav'rite retreat,
The greenwood of Epping how joyous to greet!
There rambled with pleasure o'er bramble and fern,
Within its recesses fresh beauties discern;
In parties exploring, oft wended our way,
Delighted to list to each warbler's blithe lay;
Now culled the sweet wildings that plenteous were there,
And made them in posies for each lady fair;
Or, from favoured High Beach viewed the scenery round,
As noble as any in England is found;
Then returned to King's Oak, other scenes to awake,
Of refreshments, so grateful, did freely partake,
There joined in each pastime, as wont, on the green,
'Till Eve on the woodland came smiling serene,
And Time, hoary Time, on his errand to tell,
We homeward must hasten; so bade them farewell.

SEASIDE THOUGHTS.

On Ventnor's beach I sat me down
Of late to gaze upon the sea,
The hours awhile to call my own,
From busy cares of office free;

And pleasure find
To cheer the mind
With scenes so beauteous spread around,
And grateful trace Heaven's works profound.

The sea rose murm'ring at my feet,
While all elsewhere was peaceful, still,
Save gentle voices rising sweet
From out St. Catherine's on the hill:
That told of joy,
Without alloy;
And other sounds commingling nigh,
Came wafted 'neath the smiling sky.

Behind me, towering in their pride,
The time-worn cliffs their heads upreared,
And closer to their crumbling side,
The waves with threatening aspect steered;
Their course fulfil,
Till bade, "be still!"
By Him who called them into birth,
His wondrous power display on earth.

Oh! there is pleasure in the thought,
As here we journey, short the stay,
That life with cheering hope is fraught
For all who love the narrow way;
Who view serene
Each changeful scene,
And though we tread the sea-beat strand,
Shall gain at last the better land.

FEAR NOT!

Fear not! though gloomy thoughts arise,
And partial veil the summer skies,
Their shadows cast upon the earth,
Awaking sorrow at their birth;
For Heaven who bade the sun so bright
To shine by day, the moon by night,
And who will still e'en at the close
Uphold them as when first they rose,
The darkness soon will chase away,
And bless us with their cheering ray.

Fear not! though o'er our pastures green,
Disease bespreads the deathful scene,
And stricken herds uplift their eyes,
And piteous gaze upon the skies;
For He, who sent them here below,
Will others kindly free bestow,
If we devout to Him repair,
And humbly bend the knee in prayer,
His favour seek, on Him rely,
For ev'ry needful, rich supply.

Fear not! though Death in other form
Should here alight to spread alarm,
Around our hearts insidious creep,
And loved ones from our bosoms sweep;
If steadfast still we trust His power
To guard us in the trying hour;
But oh! if 'neath His just decree,
Affliction's hand be ours to see,
Then may we *all* in heart as one
Breathe forth the prayer, "Thy will be done!"

SLANDER.

See! from his gloomy den fell *Slander* rise,
Offspring of *Envy;* with malignant eyes
He gazes round; his odious course fulfil,
On whom he pleases pour his venom still;
Nor age, nor sex, nor *Virtue's* self is free
From his attacks, as all the world may see;
But *Truth*, all potent *Truth*, shall e'er withstand
The poisoned arrows hurled by *Slander's* hand,
And round his hateful visage spread her light,
That all may view him as in mirror bright.

'Twas thus *Apelles*, as we read of old,
When safe escaped from *Slander's* tongue so bold,
A *Judge* he drew, with ass's ears full long,
(For 'twas his art to paint in colours strong;)
Two females on one side he pictured too,
That all might *Ignorance*, *Suspicion* view;
Before him placed foul *Slander* full of ire,
Who in his left hand grasped a torch of fire,
And with his right he held *one* by the hair,
Whose hands and eyes were raised to Heaven in prayer;
Anear him stood a man with haggard face
And eyes asquint; 'twas *Envy* all might trace;
Two damsels following *Slander* near were seen,
They *Treason* were, *Deceit* 'neath placid mien;
Behind whom stood a female, wailing high,
In her *Repentance* all might well descry,
Whose eyes were fixed upon a lady fair;
'Twas *Truth*, that smiling stood triumphant there!

THE CLOUD ABOVE.

"Dear mother, look! that darksome cloud
Still lingers in the sky,
And 'mongst our fleecy flocks and herds
Fresh numbers stricken—die;
What have they done, these poor, dumb things?
Do, mother, tell me, pray,
That they by Death's destructive hand
Should thus be swept away?"

"Think not, my child, that ought they do
Displeasing is to Heaven,
'Tis we, I fear, who have transgressed,
For whose kind use they're given;
And so, as in the days of old
His judgment He has sent,
That we may hence more faithful prove,
And of our sins repent."

"Then let us humbly on our knees,
My son, unite in prayer,
That Heaven in mercy would vouchsafe
His rod corrective spare;
Thus may we hope to please Him here,
To gain His pardon free,
And go rejoicing on our way
The cloud dispersed to see."

IN MEMORIAM.—LORD PALMERSTON.

BORN 20TH OCTOBER, 1784. DIED 18TH OCTOBER, 1865.

He's passed away; though o'er his honoured head
Full fourscore years with Time their course had sped,
'Twas little dreamt that Death e'en yet would come
And take him hence from us and his loved home;
Of his experience vast the State deprive,
But hopeful deemed the shock he'd safe survive;
In counsel aid us, 'neath our ev'ry trial,
And, Heaven permitting, bid Britannia smile.
How vain the wish he here with us should stay,
When Heaven had will'd to call him so away
From earthly cares, and arduous duties, rise
And be for ever happy in the skies!

And now as in the tomb he lies consigned,
His public virtues upward greet the mind,
For he for fifty years on life's wide stage
On slavery's downfal did his thoughts engage;
And great the efforts he with others made
Against that wicked and most barb'rous trade.
For commerce free, right manful too he strove,
A friend, indeed, himself did constant prove;
And many a labour his, not here to name,
That does his love of freedom loud proclaim;
Nor these alone, to give the chief his due,
He was, as all men know, a patriot true.

For private virtues he was known beside;
The family circle was his joy—his pride.
There would his love of fun and frolic rise,
And mirth congenial light the vet'ran's eyes;

His tender nature would its charms unfold,
And 'mongst his friends were none could deem him old;
In social intercourse he well was known,
And Brockett Hall to friends was open thrown.
'Twas thus, as in his general dealings all,
His real good humour scarcely knew a fall;
And this the truth, 'tis fit the world should know,
He never lost a friend, or raised a foe.*

Britannia mourns, how deeply mourns her son,
Who as her counsellor illustrious shone;
Beside his tomb fond Fancy sees her stand
A wreath unfading holding in her hand
That moistened is with many a fallen tear
Which in the tomb she casts of him so dear—
"Farewell!" she breathes, "a long, a last farewell!
Rest, hero, rest, within the hallowed cell!
Thy memory e'er by me shall treasured be,
As one the greatest—best of all the free;
A model statesman, who could gather round
A mighty people with a love profound!"

A VOICE FROM O'ER THE SEA.

Lo! through the gloom bespread around
In dark November's reign,
There sudden came a startling sound
From o'er the troubled main;

* See Sir Fitzroy Kelly's speech at Ipswich.—*The Times*, 21st October, 1865.

To tell the negroes—demon band,
  Had risen the whites to slay,
And how they'd met with ruthless hand
  In force at Morant Bay.

Britannia gazed upon the sight
  With sad and mournful eyes,
She ne'er in vision of the night
  Had dreamt such scenes would rise;
But trustful thought they'd rest content,
  And grateful prove indeed,
Since she so much on them had spent—
  From slav'ry had them freed.

And now in anger none can blame
  Britannia's sons arose,
The suff'rers aid, and death proclaim
  To all her treach'rous foes;
While Hist'ry faithful to her call
  Their crimes shall write full down,
And mark them as atrocious all
  As those at Cawnpore known:—

Ingrates, too, write, who might if found
  Obedient to the laws,
A blessing prove to all around,
  And friends to freedom's cause;
Nor these alone; but other lands
  Might their example see,
And thus encouraged loose the bands,
  And set *their* bondmen free.

REFLECTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS, 1865.

'Tis sad, methought,
With sorrow fraught,
To view late scenes around;
When whispers clear
Came on the ear,
Breathed through the air profound.

"Oh be content,
All well is meant,
But wait, and you shall know;
For He above,
The God of love,
Still governs here below."

And now a light
Divinely bright
Shines through December's morn;
To tell that He
To set us free,
The infant Saviour's born.

May we rejoice
At the glad voice,
His advent now to see;
Since He has come
To guide us home—
"The haven where we would be."

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR—1866.

If we are His who reigns above,
What cause have we to fear
Of changes great,
In this frail state,
'Tis ours to see while here?

Where gone are all the days of yore,
The years that late were ours?
We date their reign,
In numbers plain,
And count the fleeting hours;

But who, amongst us all, can tell
Aught more than Reason knows?
Say, where's the mind
Their *bourn* can find,
The secret great disclose?

And now, from out the womb of Time,
Another year has come,
That like the past,
Will cease at last,
Speed to its unknown home.

We spend our days as 'twere indeed,
A tale by tongue is told;
How short the span,
The life of man,
What scenes does it unfold!

'Tis *Faith* alone the diff'rence makes
As here we sojourn still;
We cannot know
All things below,
'Tis not in Heaven's blest will.

Behold, the Pilgrim of the Cross,
He steadfast hies his way;
Though gloom around
Oft spreads profound,
He *trusts* 'twill *lead* to day.

And soon before his vision bright
The beauteous land appears;
The place of rest,
Where he is blest,
To know no *end* of years.

May we, like him, devoid of fear,
Our journey haste along,
Till we shall gain
The heaven-bound plain,
And join the blissful throng!

WINTER IN JANUARY, 1866.

See Winter now, with open hand,
His gifts as wont bestow,
And o'er the bosom of the land
A covering warm does throw;
Of seedlings 'neath he care will take,
Till Spring shall come serene,
And bid them from their sleep awake,
And wear their robes of green.

The warblers blithe their wings extend,
To covert speed their flight,
With their loved mates the hours to spend
Through Winter's dreary night;
Yet, oft from out the fields and wood
Shall echoes pleasure bring,
And greet them in their solitude,
Reminding them of Spring.

And see, before the cheerful fire,
In rural cottage near,
The children gather round their sire
The snow-storm tale to hear;
Or prattling climb his toil-worn knee,
To court his loving smile,
Or playful join in mirth and glee
The evening long beguile.

The flocks, with more than wonted care,
Are watched within their folds,
The herds the like attention share,
For Plague his course still holds;
While up to Heaven the people raise
Their eyes and humbly pray,
That He would, to his endless praise,
His arm afflictive stay.

Oh! may their prayers still upward rise,
In faith increasing more,
And as a grateful sacrifice
May they well aid the poor:
Thus may they all in love unite,
And pour the heartfelt strain,
And who but knows in Heaven's blest sight,
It may not prove in vain?

THE "LONDON."

FOUNDERED IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, ON HER VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA WITH PASSENGERS, 11TH JANUARY, 1866.

WOULDST thou of Life's uncertain scene
Again reminded be?
Oh! think how busy Death has been
Upon the raging sea.

Think of the "London's" hapless fate,
That thrilling scene of woe,
When eleven-score souls by tempest late
Were plunged the deep below.

There fathers, mothers, children dear,
Alas! commingled lie,
For whom shall voices wafted clear,
Oft breathe affection's sigh.

Oft too, perchance, as o'er the Bay
Some gallant vessel sweeps,
Shall Memory fond then whisp'ring say,
"'Neath here brave Martin* sleeps."

And, oh! when all at last shall wake
From out their ocean rest,
May they exultant upward make,
And be for ever blest!

* The Captain of the "London," who heroically declined to accompany sixteen of the crew and three of the passengers (the only survivors of the wreck) in the port cutter on leaving the ship that was fast sinking, saying, "No, I will go down with the passengers; *but* I wish you God speed and safe to land."

Away from sea, 'neath genial skies,
Where stands each late loved cot,
May charity all bounteous rise,
And bless the mourners' lot!

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

We are travellers all in the journey of life,
Then in friendship let's keep close together,
In despite of the demon of discord and strife,
And in stormy as well as fair weather.

It is clear that this plan does to wisdom belong,
As in fable we find an apt token,
For the hazels, while banded, were proved to be strong,
But when parted, how easily broken!

Nor alone is there strength in this union as seen,
For we've still the assurance of Heaven,
Other gifts He'll impart, if on Him we would lean,
And would keep to the chart He has given.

May we thus, then, as brethren, our journey pursue,
With the banner "Good Hope" o'er us flying;
In our Leader we'll trust, for we know He is true,
On the arm of His strength sole relying.

What, though darkness may gather around on our way,
And our foes may arise in the steering?
They shall soon be dispersed at the brightening of day,
And our homes we shall gain at the clearing.

Oh! 'tis then we shall rest, in the land of the blest,
Where no Death with rude hand can us sever,
But the purest of joys shall our bosoms invest,
That shall cease not for ever and ever.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE QUEEN'S LETTER, ADDRESSED TO MR. PEABODY, 2ND APRIL, 1866.

HONOUR to him, good man, who from his store
Upon the needy does his gifts bestow,
Around their hearths befriend contentment's flow,
And cheer them onward till their labour's o'er.
Now see, our Lady Queen, than whom before,
None nobler reigned, as all the world may know,
Has graceful risen her gratitude to show
For his unequalled bounty to her poor;
A token offers, he can well receive,—
Her portrait small, though seen in wisdom's eyes,
No greater gift could thought enthroned devise;
Or he accept, ere he her shores will leave,
For father-land, where friends around may trace
The nation's *heart* reflected in her *face!*

SWALLOWS BEFORE SUMMER.*

FAR, far away, beneath the eastern skies,
Perchance from Afric, and her golden strand,
The blithsome swallows on the wing did rise,
And onward sped to Britain's favoured land;
But here arrived, (it early was in May,)
While cold inclement still maintained his reign,
No food could find, their urgent wants to stay,
So, struck by Death, they sank upon the plain,
Thus waking Pity with her plaintive strain:—

"No more, fond birds, ye'll wondrous rove the air,
Or skim the waters in your venturous flight,
The joyful tidings of sweet Summer bear,
With twitt'ring notes the list'ning ear delight,
As friendly 'neath our cottage eaves ye make
Your nests, and tend with care each little one,
Till he away with you his flight shall take
To other climes, where Winter there is none,
Ye beauteous heralds, children of the sun!"

* Great numbers of these birds died early this month in the south of England. It is supposed that they were exhausted with their long flight, and were not able to procure insect-food through the prevailing cold weather. A number were picked up dead in Millbrook Churchyard, Hants.

SUMMER INVITATION.

Come boys, get ye ready,
And mind and be steady,
See, the vans are drawn up at the door,
For a bright summer morn,
As if just newly born,
To the woodlands invites us once more.

So, farewell to dull care,
To our seats let's repair,
And we'll haste from the noise of the town,
To where Nature's still voice
Bids the heart to rejoice,
And kind Heaven looks smilingly down.

Oh! how charming the ride
As through Snaresbrook we glide,
And through Woodford, to Epping, along
View the forest serene
In her livery of green,
And as blithe as her warblers in song.

Look! from yon leafy grove
Peeps the cot that we love,
And the jessamine breathes her perfume,
While anear the sweet spot,
That shall ne'er be forgot,
There the garden displays its rich bloom.

And how plenteous the flow'rs
Spring to cheer the bright hours,
As alighting the road-side we tread,
And gather for posies
The fresh blowing roses,
And the other gay wildings there spread!

Hark! from out the cool glade,
That for picnics seems made,
There do voices right merrily ring,
And the echoes around
Busy waft the glad sound,
As the lark carols high on the wing.

Now arrived at "The Wake,"
We refreshment will take
Ere we hie to our favourite retreat,
O'er each pathlet we'll steer
To the valley anear,
The old folks there how joyously greet!

There, too, on the green,
'Mid the forest's grand scene,
In each sport we will join with what glee!
Till evening shall come,
And remind us of home,
Of "Sweet Home," where we fain now would be.

Then for home we will start,
With how grateful a heart,
For the blessings enjoyed through the day,
And we'll pass with delight
Through the wood—beauteous sight!
Crowned with gold by the sun's parting ray.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

From North and South Germania's wide-spread plains
Where War remorseless still triumphant reigns,
See, crowds of women rush, afar, anear,
In search of friends, and fathers, husbands dear;
Through laz'rets' round half frantic hie their way,
Where thousands wounded, sick, and dying lay;
A piteous sight! e'en sickening to the eye
Of hardened gazers, used to misery;
But oh! what tongue can tell, what Muse recite
The piercing cries that on the ear alight,
As when in heaps of slain, in field bespread,
They loved ones find among the dying, dead;
Or, when at Turnau, where the numbers borne
From Sadowa lie, in laz'ret cruel torn,
Their eyes distracted can no friend discern
Among the sufferers, they now home return,
Heart-broken with their loss, to mourn through life,
Their sad bereavement, and the War's dread strife.

Oh! may kind Heaven vouchsafe to hear our prayer,
And grant that Peace the nations soon may share,
That widows' cries no longer pain the ear;
No orphans reft bewail their fathers dear;
No sons and daughters mourn their brothers slain,
In heaps commingled on the crimson plain;
No battered towns, no ravaged fields around,
To grieve the sight, 'neath trumpets' martial sound;
But sweet contentment in the breast shall rise,
And labour join in grateful sacrifice,
While Earth with fruitage crowned shall lift her voice,
And commerce smiling, bid the isles rejoice.

LINES ON THE COMPLETION OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

31st July, 1866.

The work now done, that hence in History's page,
For aye will stand the triumph of the age,
The Muse would fain in grateful numbers rise,
And sing the praises of the great emprise;
Connecting closer in its glorious aim
The Old World with the New, these lines proclaim;
Promoting commerce 'mongst the nations round,
And Friendship breathing through the depths profound;
While noble voices from each favoured shore
Declare with joy the gladsome tidings more,
That still shall spread, till War shall cease to reign,
And Peace shall flourish and her power maintain.
Thus may this effort prove of good the sign,
And gracious Heaven smile on the grand design!

AUTUMN'S RETURN.

The evening of the year is come,
And brightly shines the moon,
To cheer us at our Harvest Home,
Betokening changes soon.

See Plenty smiling glads each swain,
And lads and lasses gay
Are gathered 'round upon the plain,
And trip the hours away.

There mirth and laughter, loud and shrill,
Proclaim each rustic joy,
And merry in their homesteads still
Old folks their thoughts employ.

There blithsome, too, the tale goes round,
"Begone, dull care!" they sing,
While echoes catch the cheerful sound,
And make the welkin ring.

Thus may each season as it comes
Produce its round of bliss,
And lighten up our cottage-homes,
As joyful as at this.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

'Mid changes great in this frail state,
May all united be;
In friendship strong proceed along,
As sons of Britain free.

'Tis wisdom's part to steer by chart,
And keep to compass true;
For storms may rise and cloud the skies,
Awaking cares anew.

Be wary, then, my fellow-men,
Let wisdom hold her reign;
That when the blast may come at last,
Ye may the shock sustain.

The needle-gun its work has done,
The nations now behold;
Who busy scan the past, and plan
Fresh schemes, henceforth unfold.

Do ye what need may bid indeed,
For every want provide;
Since foemen may themselves array,
While flows the troubled tide.

In this new race still keep your place,
List ye to counsel given;
Look up on High for strength's supply,
And put your trust in Heaven.

TO A LITERARY FRIEND.

THINK not, dear friend, that fleeting years
Can e'er efface from Memory's shrine,
Those tokens that from thee are mine,
To greet me through this vale of tears.

How oft when thought upon her throne,
Exalted sits with regal sway,
I backward look and bless the day
When first thine honoured name was known!

And still thy kind approving voice,
I fain would sing to me is dear,
Comes wafted oft upon the ear,
And bids my humble Muse rejoice.

Long may thy pen in virtue's cause,
In graceful numbers bear a part,
T' instruct as well as cheer the heart,
And gain for thee increased applause.

May this be thine, while I will wake
My trembling harp to grateful song,
And joyful sweep the chords along,
With thee, dear K——e, for friendship's sake.

LEARNING.

A PARAPHRASE.

KNOW learning like a river is, whose head is far in land,
Uprising little when at first, 'tis viewed upon the strand;
But still, as on its verge you tread, it widens in its flow,
While plenteous on its banks beside, there flowers all beauteous grow;
With trees that rosy fruit do bear, to glad the gazer's sight,
And pleasant windings, where the birds with songs the ear delight.
And as you further follow on, it deeper grows and wide,
Till at the last itself enwaves, within the world's great tide,
There, water more you see indeed; but then no bounding shore,
No ending of the ocean vast, in Heaven's unfathomed *store.*

THE STARS.

For Music.

Beautiful stars, in your revels so bright,
Greeting us here with your marvellous light,
Grand is the scene in your mighty array,
Saluting the moon on her silvery way.

Visitors rare to this region of earth,
Joyous as wont from the day of your birth,
We hail ye, O stars, sent by Heaven Divine,
Who bade ye in concert so brilliantly shine.

Shine, lovely stars, in your lustre above,
Proclaiming His power—the fountain of love,
'Till the sun in his glory at last shall arise,
The hearts of the *faithful* to glad 'neath the skies!

CHRISTMAS, 1866.

See, Christmas comes, the merry wight,
Again to cheer our longing sight,
With wreath of holly crowned;
And minstrels hail his visit nigh,
At night beneath the starry sky,
And welcome him around.

And list! awhile to cheer the hour
The joy-bells wake their every power,
And ring the merry strain;
While hearts within their home, sweet home,
Responsive greet the sounds that come,
To usher in his reign.

The rich, the noble, and the great,
The veteran's presence celebrate,
  The poor are not forgot;
For Charity, fair maid, does rise,
With liberal hand their want supplies,
  And glad their humble lot.

And now, upon the festive board,
The viands are spread, a plenteous hoard,
  And voices gladsome, free,
In concert join, in friendship's name,
And with the loving cup proclaim
  The year's great jubilee.

Nor these alone; with joy replete
The old and young each other greet,
  Increasing pleasure's flow;
And many in honour of the day,
Their gallant visits often pay
  The favourite mistletoe.

There, too, in many a group around,
They dance away to music's sound,
  And other pastimes hail;
Some to the Christmas tree repair
To win the glittering prizes there,
  Or list the cheerful tale.

And gathered round the yule-log fire
Are some that forfeit's game admire,
  The blithsome hours prolong;
'Till Time at last on ready wing
Arrives, and bids all join and sing
  The nation's own loved song.

Thus every heart its joy makes known;
Goodwill sits smiling on her throne,
And breathes her wish sincere;
That when the year—OLD YEAR shall end,
The NEW may prove to ALL a friend,
A HAPPY, HAPPY YEAR!

THE NEW YEAR'S BIRTH, 1867.

HARK! through the deepening gloom around
By night bespread, a moaning sound
Comes wafted on the ear;
To tell that in the grasp of death
The Year, Old Year, draws deep his breath,
His parting sigh is near.

Assembled in full many a fane
The watchers, see, are met again,
The New Year's coming hail;
God's Word to hear; in prayer and praise,
Their grateful voices upward raise,
To Him whose years ne'er fail.

And now, as twelve is told the hour,
From yon majestic city tower,
The Old Year sinks to rest;
When rising as on eagle's wing,
The New Year into life does spring,
His regal power attest.

And then around, as quick as thought,
The world with the New Year is fraught,
  Time still exultive flies;
And, as 'twas seen in days of yore,
His wings will spread 'till "Speed no more!"
  Comes bidden from the skies.

Oh, may we all while yet 'tis day,
Pursue aright the narrow way,
  Devoid of abject fears;
And when at last our labour's done,
Awake and greet the rising Sun,
  And know no end of years!

WINTER IN JANUARY, 1867.

From out his icy palace, far away
O'er Northern seas that bound his drear domain,
Through which no bold intruder yet has trod,
Stern Winter comes; upon his time-worn head
A crown he wears, with icicles adorned,
That brilliant shine, as in the reign of night;
His gifts he spreads from out his plenteous store,
Our eyes to greet when we from sleep awake;
A beauteous sight! the earth to see arrayed
In snowy vestment, and the trees begemmed
With pearly drops, their heads bent graceful down,
As if in meek submission to his will;
A lesson apt we all may wisely learn
As on we journey through life's changeful scenes,
That we may rise to where no Winter's known,
But endless Summer and a blissful home.

SONNET.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.*

Along the margin of the frozen lake,
'Neath whose cleft bosom death has sudden laid
Full many a victim in its icy shade,
The faithful dog to sorrow keen awake,
To find his master through the crowd does make,
That gathered is, by sympathy arrayed,
The dead to own when to the banks conveyed;
A sight, the heart to move for pity's sake;
In each wan face he looks with moaning sound,
As if in hopes his master loved might view,
But vain he strives in his affection true;
So day and night his wails are heard around,
No solace heeding 'mid his grief profound,
And food refusing, though fierce hunger knew.

* The black retriever, which accompanied its master on the breaking in of the ice in Regent's Park, in January, 1867, and which managed to get back on the shore, and remained on the ground skirting the water, for three days and nights, refusing all offers of food.

THE SEVEN CHILDREN.

From the German of Krummacher.

At early morn, when birds awake,
Returning day to celebrate,
And blithsome pour the varied strain
Around to cheer each rural swain,
The parents of a household rise,
To pay their grateful sacrifice;

On bended knees united raise
Their hearts to Heaven in prayer and praise
For peaceful rest throughout the night,
And grace to hail the morning light.
Within the room to glad the day,
The sun bespread his genial ray,
Where seven children smiling slept,
The mother looked on them and wept,
And said, " How hard 'twill be indeed,
Our loved ones rear this time of need ! "
For so it was that through the land
Stern dearth had raised his cruel hand—
The father smiled, and said, " Behold,
What goodness does kind Heaven unfold !
With rosy cheeks the children see,
All sleeping lie, how peacefully !
While brightly on them shines the sun,
As when at noon his course does run,
And so they rest devoid of care,
Like seven sweet rosebuds blooming there,
To show that He, Aurora made,
Will ne'er from them withhold His aid—
Is faithful still, and knows no change
Through all creation's wondrous range."
Then, as from out the room they drew,
Their daily labour now renew,
Fourteen small shoes their eyes did greet,
A pair for each the children's feet;
The mother wept as on she gazed
For fear within her sorrow raised ;
But he, the father, fondly said,
" Why weep as one who mourns the dead?
Were not the children's feet so fine,
Formed by the Lord of Life Divine ;
Why should we grieve at threatening harm

'Tis He, my love, directs the storm;
The children all in us confide,
And should not we in Him abide;
Who freely does His blessings give,
And bids us upward look and live!
But view the sun how bright appears,
Then, dearest wife, dry up your tears,
And let us to our labour go,
Rejoicing in Him here below!"
'Twas thus they spoke, and acted true,
Their Heavenly Father's will to do,
While He on them looked smiling down,
And blessed them as His chosen—own;
From want preserved them through the dearth,
To serve Him here whilst on the earth,
For Faith does lift the heart on high,
And love all needful strength supply.

FLOWERS OF SPRING, 1867.

From out their sleeping beds, behold
Spring's beauteous flowerets rise,
Their virgin charms as wont unfold,
To glad our longing eyes;
And as our path we homeward tread,
Their odours sweet around bespread.

We hail ye, O ye nymphs of earth,
So loving and so true,
That rising give to joys new birth,
Your mission here renew;
Our hearts to soothe, when days oft drear
Are found to gloom the varied year.

In ye, chaste heralds, we may trace
The hand of Heaven Divine,
Who gave to each His works a place,
And bade ye blithsome shine;
And who, enthroned supreme above,
Displays in ye a Father's love.

May we to Heaven our eyes upraise,
And thankful bless His plan,
Who sent ye here to breathe His praise,
And whisper Hope to man;
That so with Faith and Love combined,
The promised rest at last may find.

SONNET

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF THE LATE MR. COBDEN, AT MANCHESTER, 22ND APRIL, 1867.

A GRACEFUL tribute 'tis to his loved name,
Who manful strove Britannia high upraise
Amongst the nations; commerce free proclaim,
That smiling Peace might bless the coming days;
He e'er to his, the patriot's lasting fame,
Unbiassed kept the tenor of his ways;
From first to last an honest man the same,
The Muse would fain in grateful numbers praise
Anear his cottage-home, through life so dear,
He peaceful sleeps; while see his image round,
What numbers meet afar, 'neath Love sincere,
With grateful Memory breathe his worth profound,
And fondly view the finely sculptured face
Of him, great benefactor of our race!

THE PEN, AND NOT THE SWORD.

"Is not the world ready for a sublime act of self-disenthralment? Draws not nigh the gracious day of this wonderful redemption?"—*Sunday Times*, May 19th, 1867.

THE Pen, and not the Sword has done
A work deserving praise,
Accounted as a victory won,
In these eventful days;
While Peace sits smiling on her throne,
And Prussia, France, as friends now own.

Hence Luxembourg, of small estate,
Shall live in History's page,
Preserved from War's dire rage and hate,
To mark th' improving age;
To bid each ruthless contest cease,
And welcome in the reign of Peace.

The isles around may well rejoice
In prospect of the day,
When kings of Peace shall make their choice,
Their arms aggressive stay;
And nations War shall learn no more,
But commerce spread from shore to shore.

Britannia wakeful views each plan
For Peace promoting round,
And breathes her wish—goodwill to man
In accents how profound!
Her mission high to all fulfil,
And prove the friend of nations still.

THE MOSELLE.*

Beauteous river, overflowing
From thy mountain spring so clear,
Pleasure great ofttimes bestowing
On the way-worn traveller,
As he lingering silent ponders
On thy streamlet, rippling sweet,
Or along thy banks he wanders,
Lovely scenes around thee greet!

From the hills thy water bounding
Comes the music of the pines,
Through the ambient air resounding,
Plaintive waked by whispering winds;
And upon the plains extended
Feathery ferns how graceful rise,
That with golden tints are blended,
Waving 'neath the smiling skies.

O'er thy wavelets, northward gliding,
Many a sea-fowl spreads the wing,
Though to coverts near thee biding,
Sportive at the birth of Spring;
And within her verdant bower,
There the ring-dove tells her tale,
And other sounds to cheer the hour
Are upward borne from out the vale.

* This beautiful river rises in the Vosges mountains, and flowing northward, passes Nancy and Metz; beyond Thionville it enters the *duchy* of Luxembourg, and falls into the Rhine at Coblentz.

Onward, shining in thy glory,
Murm'ring flows thy silver stream,
Emblem of Life's fleeting story,
Pictured oft in Fancy's dream;
Till along thy borders passing,
In this wondrous course of thine,
Thou, thy joy the more enhancing,
Join'st at last the noble Rhine.

Oh! to view thee at thy rising,
Charming river! lo•ed Moselle!
And to trace thee, freedom prizing,
Joyful in thy bosom's swell;
Whilst along thy banks upspringing,
Wildings sweetly court the eye,
And the song-birds blithely singing
Fill the air with melody.

THOUGHT.

How swift is thought, beyond compare
With all may boast of speed,
Th' electric spark, the lightning's glare,
To it must yield indeed;
As o'er the wide extended plains
Around it takes its flight,
Or climbs the hills where Science reigns
In unbeclouded light.

It grasps, as with an iron will,
The shadow of a dream,
How faint soe'er, and moulds it still,
Though nought at first it seem;

That all from out its plastic hand,
The image formed may see,
Substantial as it takes its stand,
A great reality.

It is the Spirit of the world,
Sublime and potent all,
Through ages past, as those now told,
'Twill rise at wisdom's call;
The gift, how great, may angels sing,
So free bestowed on man,
By Him who reigns o'er all as King,
In His most gracious plan.

What wonders have not here been wrought,
In this our home on earth,
By mind, the sacred fane of thought,
Since Heaven first gave it birth!
And as each century rolls away
Will others, too, arise,
With nobler men to hail the day,
And greater marvels prize.

The ocean, once so fathomless,
Has yielded to its power,
Upon it bears the bright impress
Of thought's improving hour,
That has with master-hand, and bold,
Destroyed both time and space,
And soon the Old with the New World
Will join in fond embrace.

Seas, once unknown, upon their breast
Its works of labour bear;
The rock-bound depths its power attest,
Their treasures vast declare;

The rugged mountains 'neath its rule
Submissive bow their head,
And Nature wild and beautiful
By thought is captive led.

The busy winds of by-gone day
Have done its bidding well,
And others *now* with toil repay,
Shall History faithful tell;
For centuries past the fruits may trace
Of its mysterious might,
And what may not the *future* raise
Before the wond'ring sight!

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE."

Heb. xiii. 5.

How sweet it is in youth's fond days,
When all around shine bright,
And flowers and fruits, with minstrel lays,
To charm the soul unite;
By wisdom led to look above,
In grateful Memory's wake,
And hear the still small voice of love,
"I ne'er will thee forsake."

And when in manhood cares increase,
And troubles oft arise,
To hear the self-same voice of peace
Come wafted from the skies;
And though the pilgrim's way be drear,
At times his spirit grieve,
Well pleased he lists the whispers near,
"I never thee will leave."

When, too, the fading years are come,
And many a joy has fled,
That once had cheer'd his earthly home—
A halo round it spread;
There yet is bliss for him in store
As on he journeys still,
For that kind voice he hears the more,
"Leave thee I never will."

And now, at last, his labour done,
And he must needs depart,
That Friend, so dear, his heart had won,
Sweet counsel does impart;
"Fear not," he says, "the stormy main,
For I with thee will be
Till thou yon blissful land shalt gain,
And ever dwell with me."

NOT ALONE.

THE world shut out with all its noisy powers,
The student pleased betakes him to his cell,
Where he may still devote his leisure hours,
To Poesy, fair maid beloved so well;
A votary at her shrine his tribute raise
In grateful numbers to her lasting praise.

But though thus studious bent, think not alone
He meditates upon each varied lay,
For gentle spirits dear to Memory known,
In visions bright their visits often pay;
To cheer him on in accents soft and clear,
That fall like angel-whispers on the ear.

'Tis then by Fancy led he takes his lyre,
And wakens into life each rising strain,
Truth, wisdom, virtue, these his soul inspire,
And oh! 'twere bliss indeed their smiles to gain;
While in the quietude of thought arise
Full many a scene to glad his longing eyes.

Beyond, above the earth's betrodden way,
Its weary paths, he's silent borne along,
To where in purer element he may
Pour forth in loftier strain the cheerful song;
Before his favoured sight see Nature's face
Arrayed in all its loveliness and grace.

See, too, uplifted high in spirit land,
Where Heaven all glorious spreads His golden light
A beauteous temple raised, though not by hand,
That ne'er before had cheered his wondering sight;
And gathered there a blissful, shining train
Who round His throne pour forth the heavenly strain.

There Milton, Shakspeare, Gray, and numbers more,
Of kindred all; illustrious, dear to Fame,
Whose works sublime enrich sweet Poesy's store,
And honour His, their great Creator's, name;
Who now with cloudless eyes His glory see,
And with adoring angels bend the knee.

Nor these alone; enrobed in peerless white
Are myriads more bespread before his eyes,
Who had whilst here their Master served aright,
And now with Him will reign above the skies;
With palms in hand they sing redeeming love,
And swell the triumph of the saints above.

The lowly bard with rapture views the scene,
  And breathes a wish to join the blissful choir,
When, lo! a voice amid his joy serene
  Comes wafted up to stay his soul's desire,
And call him thence; awhile on earth abide
Till he at last may reach loved Canaan's side.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.—1863.

"THERE is Old Father Christmas," said John, "at the door,
With his good-humoured face, and his head silvered o'er;
He is come, as is wont, a short visit to pay,
And right welcome he is on this merry-make-day.
Walk in, sir, I pray you, and take this arm chair,
To the table draw up, and partake of our fare;
We have beef, sir—roast beef—very tender I ween,
And a pudding—plum pudding—that's fit for the Queen;
With a barrel of ale, that was brewed in good time,
Which I hope, my good friend, you will find really prime.
Here is health to you, sir, and I am glad you are here;
Merry Christmas, I wish you a happy new year!"
Johnny Bull raised his glass, and adown ran the ale,
Straight to tell that another would come without fail.
Then Old Christmas smiled round, in his turn gave the B's,
And began now to feel quite at home—at his ease.
So they ate and they drank and they talked, oh, how free!
Of the Pope, that old lady, so fond of her tea;
Of the Northerns and Southerns—a great many more,
And of Nap. and his Congress—a terrible bore!

"I was asked to it first," said John Bull, "you must know,
But I told Nap. at once, that I thought it no go."
"Ah! ah! ah!" cried old Chris.—"the *idea!*—what a joke!"
"Let us now change the subject," said Bull; "do ye smoke!"
"Yes, at times," replied Chris., "I a cloud quite enjoy;"
"Then come on," said John Bull, "fill your pipe, my old boy."
So they drew near the fire, where the yule-log burnt free,
And they smoked and they drank—none more blithsome could be.
Now they sang, then they danced, and Old Christmas I vow,
Mistress Bull he led under the mistletoe bough.
But as all things, they say, in this world have an end,
So it now came to pass with John Bull and his friend,
For the first moved to bed, just to shorten the story,
And left Father Chris. all alone in his glory;
But the kind Mistress Bull came to see things were right,
O'er his head cast her mantle, and wished him "good night."

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.

When my man came a *courtin'* me,
I really do declare,
I knew no more he after was
Than you that's *sittin'* there;
He came one night, as soon as dark,
A *rappin'* at the door,
I opened it, an' sure enough,
Stood Jobie me before.

"Come in," *sez* I, "an' take a *cheer;*"
"No, Lizzie, can't," *sez* he,
"The *errant* I am here upon
Per-tick-ler is ye see;

An' when on *errants*, 'tis a plan
I *alwus* thinks is best,
To do *'em* Lizzie *fust* of all,
An' then sit down an' rest."

"Now on this *courtin' biseness*
Know, Lizzie, I am come,
My wife's been dead these three long years,
An' things go *wrong* at home;
An' I've been *thinkin'* better 'tis
My *hoffer* make to-night,
Than see *'em goin' right* along
To *rack* an' *ruin* quite."

"So, Lizzie, if ye have a mind,"
Sez he, "to be my bride,
My house, my children care will take,
An' all that's mine beside;
Then I'll step in (as 'tis yer wish)
At *wunce* and take a *cheer*,
Or else, another I must get
To be my *pard'ner* here."

Thus press'd by Jobie, what could I
A lonely *spunster* do,
A *livin'* in the *'Nited States*,
Without *implyment* too?
I *niver* was in *sich* a *fix*,
No, not in all my life,
An' yet I thought I might do *wuss*
Than be that Jobie's wife.

Then I to him *sez*, "Mister B.,
Do come an' take a seat,
While I *yer hoffer* thinks upon,
That is, ye see, but meet!"

"Can't, Lizzie, can't," *sez* he *agin*,
"Till I *yer purpuss* know;
Now will ye have me, that's the *pint!*
Yer answer, yes, or no?"

"Well, if I must, I must," *sez* I,
"So, Jobie, here's to ye;"
"Then, Lizzie, we to-morrow soon,
By priest shall married be;"
"An' now he *cheer*-ful down did sit
Upon my *noddin'*, 'Yes:'—
Ah! *courtin's short* do after all
Beat *courtin's long* I *guess!*"

JOHN BULL AND HIS MAN PAM.

JOHN BULL, 'tis a name that is well known to Fame,
Of ships and of *rhino* he's plenty,
As many well know, who for cash to him go,
Their pockets replenish when empty.

Now John has a man who does strive all he can
His master to serve; though grown hoary,
Is active and sage, quite the man for the age,
As great p'rhaps as any in story.

Pam sees to each store; to his credit the more,
His fleet he gets manned and all ready
To sail as may list, and his order is this:—
"Look out, my brave lads, and be steady!"

On land, as at sea, there prepared too is he,
What numbers to serve him are willing!
Should foes, ever near, *vi et armis* appear,
Be sure they would get a good drilling.

Nor proofs these alone, as may clearly be shown,
His care in the service discerning;
What savings he's made in his master's great trade!
How friendly to freedom and learning!

To neighbours around he considerate is found;
His motto is "Peace," and that truly;
But hard was his fate to be troubled of late
With P's, G's, and A's, so unruly.

They pounced on the D's (Oh what times, sirs, are these!)
And wrongs the most cruel enacted;
Despite Pam could say, they would have their own way,
And levies oppressive exacted.

Pam tried all he could the brave D's to do good;
For aid, but in vain, asked his neighbours;
E'en Nap, who lives near, bent indifferent his ear,—
Adroitly declined the sought favours.

Pam gazed on the sight, and it grieved him outright,
Such doings to view—for mere trifle;
To fight them all three by himself, could not see,—
The thought he compelled was to stifle.

Then folks not to name, started up in a flame,
'Gainst Pam raised a terrible clatter,
Who stood it quite well, we are pleased now to tell,
And proved himself right in the matter.

Ye P's, A's, and G's, do ye now as ye please,
Your wrath 'gainst the gallant D's keeping,
But some there may be, who may yet live to see
The tempest and storm round ye sweeping!

CONNUBIAL HOOKS AND EYES; OR, MRS. SIMPKINS' COMPLAINT.

When I to Simpkins married was,
'Tis just eight years ago,
My gowns were fastened, Mr. E,
With hooks and eyes—a row;
They numbered eight, and this I'm sure
Must ready meet your view,
Myself I could not hook and eye—
No woman this could do.

Whilst she a spinster does remain
To her attention's paid,
By either mother, sister, coz,
Or Betty, servant maid;
But when a husband she does get
'Tis then his part to take
The hooks and eyes, and do them well,
For his own credit's sake.

The first year of my married life
Thus cheerful passed away,
My husband did his duty right,
I candidly must say;
He hooked the eight; not one escaped
His ready fingers' care,
And I was pleased each time I dressed
His smiles approving share.

But when the second year did come
He left the eighth undone;
The third the seventh; the fourth the sixth;
The next the fifth, so on;

Till on this very morning, sir,
That marks my wedding day,
Another hook and eye he dropped,
Despite all I could say.

Nor this alone; he peevish said,
"No more he meant to do
Than hook and eye the one a-top
His future life all through;"
'Tis, sir, of this I now complain,
In verse make known the wrong;
Against the selfishness of man
Protest in accents strong.

Ye women all who single are
Take warning by my state,
And ere ye marriage enter on
For duties stipulate;
Whilst in our pride we recollect,
What marriage *bonds* comprise,
Let not the men this truth forget,
It has its *hooks* and *eyes*.

THE IMAGE OF HIS FATHER.

THOMAS SMITHERS was blessed with another fine boy,
'Twas the seventh he'd had since he married had been,
An event that 'tis said filled his bosom with joy.
As in this little story perchance may be seen.

Now this Tom was a wag to whom "larks" were a treat,
And he, knowing the ladies a visit would pay
Soon the infant to see, Mistress S— friendly greet,
Straight resolved that his joke he'd no longer delay.

So his orders he gave—not the child to prepare
For the honour expected; but oh what a rig!
Bade the servant at once to the pork shop repair,
And to bring—would you think it? a nice sucking pig!

Now this done, it was swaddled; its head covered o'er
With a baby-cap neatly tied under its chin;
It was laid where no porker was e'er laid before,
And the ladies arriving were asked to walk in.

Thus invited, they stepped with a slow, gentle pace
To the bed where the piggy was carefully laid,
When the covering turned down, lo! its innocent face
To the eyes of the ladies was partly displayed.

"Bless my soul!" said the first, "a remarkable child!"
Said the second, "A wonder, I really declare!"
"So good natured!" the third, as on piggy she smiled,
"See! the father's true likeness!" the fourth said, "is there!"

Then they all, as if struck, raised their voices as one,
"'Tis indeed his *own* image!" the last scene awake,
Whilst the parent so flattered, and bursting with fun,
Left the ladies alone to find out their mistake.

THE RECLAIMED.

"Tom! Tom! my son, it gives me pain
Your conduct to reprove again,
In company improper still
Your hours are spent with stubborn will.

'Twas twelve last night when home you came,
Beware, my son, a drunkard's name!
Reform! no longer Heaven displease,
I pray you! with such acts as these,
Or you'll one day—now mark me well,
A tale of sorrow have to tell."

'Twas thus the father spoke his son,
Whose years then numbered twenty-one,
But he, indifferent, turned his ear,
Affection's counsel would not hear;
Still obstinate, pursued his way,
An owl by night—a slug by day,
Till as he home returned one night,
By some 'tis said in drunken plight,
From Peasmarsh o'er the hills to Rye,
(The distance is three miles or nigh)
A voice he heard, it came behind—
Tom thought, at first, 'twas but the wind;
He stopped to listen, when the strain,
"What, ho! Tom Clark," he heard quite plain,
And as before him now he gazed,
A cloven foot affrighted traced,
Or something like it on the ground,
The moon had cast in shade profound;
Away he ran with dread surprise,
Nor once did backward turn his eyes
Till he New Street, like one possessed,
Had reached; to bed then slunk to rest;
Next morning rose, no more alarmed,
And lo! a wonder, quite reformed.

In riper years, when wiser grown,
And time o'er scenes fresh light had thrown,
Tom oft would say—the truth declare
When speaking of the said affair,

"Ah! 'tis a comfort great to know
Who 'twas indeed that served me so,
'Twas Wildrake Jones, the village plague,
With voice so shrill, and wooden leg."

THE TWO MISERS.

Two misers great, who neighbours were,
Of pelf had each an equal share,
And who to people in the town
By names of Saveall—Crib, were known,
To one another visits paid,
As birds of kind do flock 'tis said;
But as they to themselves were true,
And had the self-same end in view,
They never did, (now would you think?)
Each other ask to eat or drink.
Thus on they went together—prime,
'Till once on Saveall—harvest time,
A stranger called, a sum to pay,
For interest due that very day,
Upon a thousand pounds or more,
That drawn had been from Saveall's store.
Now Crib was there; but who can tell,
What envy did his bosom swell,
When he the tempting pieces spied
Bespread in all their golden pride?
He left the room, and homeward sped,
With thoughts fresh brewing in his head;

But when the sun his course had spent
He restless back to Saveall went,
The maxims he approved might learn,
For which the miser's heart did yearn.
He Saveall found, who there and then
Was busy, writing with a pen,
By light, if so 'tis fit to name,
That from a farthing candle came,
Which when he knew what 'twas about
That Crib had come, he straight put out.
"Why did you that?" said Crib, whose eyes
Peered at his friend with great surprise;
"Because," said Saveall, "cannot we
In darkness talk as well you see?
"Faith, neighbour, that," said Crib, "is true,
A rare economist are you,
And much I wish that you'd impart
To me some lessons in the art."
Said Saveall, "This my maxim best,
That takes the lead of all the rest;
To spend no more than's strictly right,
As in the candle seen to-night:—
Ah! well, with that wise saw I hold
That should be writ in type of gold,
That what is needless—do you hear?
Is at the lowest fraction dear."
"Quite true again!" said Crib, "I own,
Egad! I'll put that saying down."
"And now," said Saveall, "as we are
Conversing on the saving care,
A question I would ask you now,
For you the difference sure must know
'Tween one who greedy is inclined,
And he to hoarding gives his mind;
For my part, Crib, I candid state,

A stingy man I really hate;
But to my question now attend,
Say, do you shave yourself, my friend?"
Quoth Crib, "Dost take me for a fool
Who never yet has learnt that rule?
I monthly shave, when beard is rough,
Which to my mind is oft enough;—
To pay for shaving's 'gainst my creed,
'Twould be extravagance indeed!"
"You need not in a passion fly,"
Said Saveall, "raise your choler high,
I did but ask;—pray tell me how
You manage with your lather now?"
"My lather? well," said Crib, "when I
Have shaved, I scrape the paper dry,
Which serves me for another day;
The useless suds I fling away."
"You do?" cried Saveall, "thoughtless plan!
That's safe to ruin any man:
Why I, with hoards not less than thine,
Six handkerchiefs do wash in mine,
Besides a night cap—sometimes two,
That you, friend Crib, might easy do,
And then in what I careful save,
My stockings wash, or I'm a knave!"

THE WOODEN SWORD;

Or, a Sharp Remedy for Intemperance.

There was once in a regiment two brothers I sing,
One a sergeant; a private the other;
But though differing in rank were alike in one thing,
For they each of strong drink was a lover.

Now the sergeant one night getting drunk, in a spree,
Had a fall o'er his sword, when 'twas broken;
So a new one had made, 'twas of wood, do you see?
That kept sheathed—of the change gave no token.

But the colonel, aware of the trick that was done,
Thought the time had now come for a movement,
And to give to the regiment a treat of some fun,
At the sergeant's expense, p'rhaps improvement.

To the officers only he mentioned his plan,
In the mess-room, while seated at table,
And his wish he made known, that at eve every man
Should attend the parade if found able.

Now the regiment was formed, and the colonel he cried,
"Sergeant Lusher, pray where is your brother?"
"In the black-hole, your honour," the sergeant replied;
"Take a file, sir, of men; fetch him hither."

He was brought; when the colonel with voice lifted high
Him addressed; and his speech was soon ended,
And they all at parade, save the officers nigh,
Really thought what he said was intended:—

"Oh! you infamous drunkard, again you are here,
Heavy charged with Intemperance still serving,
And degrading the regiment for many a year,
And of punishment highest deserving;

"So, determined I am, since all efforts of mine
To reform you have proved unavailing,
That your head I'll have off, here in front of the line,
Therefore down on your knees; no complaining.

"And to you, Sergeant Lusher, the charge do I give,
For in swordship I know you are clever;
Draw your sword then, and strike, for as sure as I live,
Greater scoundrel than he I knew never."

But the sergeant begged hard, if the prisoner must die,
That the stroke might be dealt by another,
For he could not in conscience with th' order comply,
And the slaughterer be of his brother.

"Do your duty, this instant!" the colonel now said,
(Half afraid though his plan might miscarry;)
"Or with this, my own sword, I will sever your head;—
It is useless with me thus to parry!"

Then the sergeant knelt down, and he prayed; every word
By all present was heard, 'tis asserted;
That before such a deed he should do, his good sword
Into wood might be speed'ly converted.

"It is done!" he exclaimed, as his sword out he drew,
"See ye all, 'tis the truth I am speaking!"—
And they all eager gazed on the scene pleased to view,
And united in one hearty greeting.

It was thus that the laughter intended for one,
Was transferred to another, and cleverly done,
And the culprits were pardoned; but strange 'tis to say,
That they never were known to get *drunk* from that day.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE,

In Summer, 1865.

All ye who lovers are of peace,
And pray that war, dread war, may cease,
Come listen to my song;

'Tis all about the grand display
That late at Spithead cheered the day,
And folks—a mighty throng!

For there the French and English met,
A scene that none will e'er forget
To wake a wondering world;
With fleets that might all others brave,
That sail upon the ocean-wave,
With banners proud unfurled.

And many a gallant chief was there,
From countries both these lines declare,
And nobles not a few.
The beauteous isle anear was glad,
And Portsmouth in her best was clad,
With Southsea, Gosport, too.

And o'er the Solent's placid tide
The gallant ships did friendly glide,
Or moored in safety lay;
While mutual greetings, loud and clear,
Came wafted on the people's ear,
And spread them far away.

Nor sea alone; on land as well
The people flocked their joy to tell,
As ne'er was told before.
The merry bells their voices raised,
The cannons from the batteries blazed,
And lit around each shore.

It was indeed a glorious sight
To see two nations great unite
In Freedom's sacred cause;

To aid the weak against the strong,
When led by fell oppression, wrong
Enacting tyrant laws!

Ye Prussians, Austrians, and the rest
Who think your plan of all the best,
Of news you've now a bit;
And you'll do well to con it o'er,
Within your *pipes* it careful store,
And take to *smoking* it!

CHRISTMAS, 1865.

'Tis a merry-make day at the "National Hall,"
There the folks are as busy as wont, one and all,
In preparing for guests who're expected to dine,
And to crack with John Bull a few bottles of wine;
For though still pressed by trouble, here needless to name,
He'd resolved the year's greeting should just be the same,
And in this he was joined by his spouse, all serene,
Who'd by no means dispense with festivity's scene.
Now the friends he'd invited were R, the two C's,
Likewise W, and V, and the five noted G's,
With an S, who's a duke; there were several more,
Who might all bring their ladies, at least half a score;
And old "Chris." was expected, so fond of a spree,
Who a favourite is of the kind Mrs. B.

All the guests having come, oh! aid me, ye nine,
To rehearse how at six they all sat down to dine,
And how plenteous the board was bespread! What a store
Of fine turkeys and geese, and of poultry the more,
And of sauces abundant that Soyer might shame,
Or the greatest of gluttons exultive proclaim!
There was Sir Loin of beef that was deemed very nice,
But though highly approved of was blamed for its *price;*
With a jolly plum pudding, so rich and so rare,
That it made the mouths water of all who were there;
Not to name the dessert, the port and the sherry,
"Just the sort," as Bull said, "to make the heart merry."

It was now that the ladies arose by desire
Of the hostess to sit by th' adjoining room fire,
And a *tête à tête* have, as the yule log burnt free,
And enjoy with high relish a cup of bohea;
While the host, who with humour—good humour was ripe,
To his guests then proposed they should each take a pipe;
So they all took their pipes, and to smoking they went,
And 'twas thus that John Bull oped his new Parliament.
Then did R straight arise, who, though slow, he is sure,
And he spoke of some ailments without that need cure;
He declined for the present aught further to say,
Till again they should meet on a certain fixed day;
"But I beg ere I leave," he now said to John Bull,
(Who, with glass in his hand, had just ta'en a fresh pull)
"In the name of my own and my friends smoking here,
To wish you and yours all, sir, 'A Happy New Year.'"

Mr. Bull himself raised, while a glance from his eye
Told at once that his throttle by no means was dry;
He thanked them most cordial for the compliment paid,
"And the like in return, I now wish you," he said;

Then he cautioned them well on the part they'd to play,
How to go in as *trumps* on the forthcoming day;
He a draught again took, it a *bumper* was quite,
And bestowed on the table a *thumper* outright,
That did all the glasses set dancing together,
Perhaps to show that he still was a Bull great as ever;
Amid which he sat down, having taken his share,
And 'tis said that he soon fell asleep in his chair.

Then with Mirth as their leader, and full pipes in hand,
From the room the gents sallied, "a merry-make band!"
And the ladies rejoined, who were sitting at ease,
Quite amusing themselves with the juvenile B's,
Who were playing at forfeits, as some may well know,
And by no means forgetting the mistletoe bough;
When, observing "Old Chris," they sprang up every one,
With the veteran intending to have some rare fun;
But he, bowing, declined, and cried, Ladies, no! no!
For I'm troubled, confound it! with a corn on each toe;
Yet, if ladies it please you, I'm *in* for a song,
So they all gathered round him—a beautiful throng!
And he sang as he never had sung there before,
It was "God Save the Queen," with so splendid encore
That it made the old hall of John Bull ring again,
While the echoes around soft repeated the strain.

And now as the clock gave its warning of two,
All the ladies and gents from the mansion withdrew;
But the latter *elsewhere* soon will meet per advice,
Where 'tis hoped that the *feast* may prove equally nice;
As for "Chris," he made off as before in his glory,
And thus ends, my kind reader, this Christmas story.

NOTE.—The initials in the first section of the poem have reference to the late Ministry.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TURNIPS.

FROM A PROSE ACCOUNT.

ONCE on a time—I fain in rhyme
A story brief would tell—
By way of change, in Fancy's range,
P'rhaps raise a smile as well.

To village near (be pleased now hear),
A town well known to Fame,
A showman bold, whose name's not told,
With his menagerie came.

To see his stock the folks all flock,
Of beasts by no means scant;
But 'mongst his store he valued more
Was a large elephant.

When night o'erhead her curtain spread,
The owner thought he'd try,
To give the beast a grassy feast
Within a field hard by.

He *in* was turned; the beast soon learned
That turnips near him laid,
So through the fence he hastened thence,
And havoc 'mongst them made.

At morning light, one viewed the sight,
A lab'rer 'twas I ween,
Who ne'er 'till now, the truth avow,
An elephant had seen.

With great surprise he straightway hies
The news his master tell,
Whilst busy he, th' intruder see,
Still on the turnips fell.

"O *Measter* Styles!" cries his man Giles,
As in the farm he went,
"Come, haste away, nor moment stay,
Or you may soon repent.

For know, *zur*, know, where turnips grow
A *hawful* beast there be;
With face behind you'll *sartin* find,
And backward walk does he.

And as along he moves so strong,
'Tis wonderous to my thinking,
Picks up the turnips with his tail
And swallows them like winking!"

TIT FOR TAT; OR A NEW WAY OF PAYING AN OLD OFFENDER.

A MONKEY, pertest of his race,
That in a stable had a place,
Belonging to a certain peer,
Who loved to hunt the nimble deer
Or crafty fox, o'er hill and dale,
I fain in verse would tell the tale,
Would oft his chain unruly break,
And on the horses' backs would make,
And thus the beasts—poor beasts would teaze;

This Sam, the groom, ofttimes would please,
Who fond of frolic, and of fun,
Would wink at tricks that so were done.
One day this monkey, I declare,
Got loose to teaze my lord's bay mare;
He in the stable sudden trode,
His fav'rite saw, he frequent rode,
Plunging and kicking, all on rack,
With jacko mounted on his back;
Full of grimaces, chatt'ring free,
Delighted as he well could be,
And quite regardless of the eye
That on his tricks did frowning pry.
"Sam!" cried his lordship, with a stare,
"See! what that devil's doing there;
Now I'm resolved, and no mistake,
The rascal of his pranks I'll break;
So Sam, my man, secure him straight,
And let him my good pleasure wait;
While you to Buckram instant go
To make for him a suit, you know,
To fit him tight, like huntsman's bold—
A scarlet jacket trimmed with gold;
A vest of finest crimson, too,
And buckskin breeches; this you do.
You also for the crazy chap
Will get, you see, a hunting cap;
A pair of boots, brown tops I mean,
And whip, to finish off the scene;
For 'tis my will, next hunting day,
That he for all his tricks shall pay."
Thus spake his lordship; Sam obeyed,
And pug was soon in suit arrayed,
And on a racer strapped secure,
Though queer he felt must still endure.

Within the park the huntsmen wait
The day arrived to celebrate;
Amid them stood a raw-bone steed,
That well was known for first-rate speed,
And on his back sat pug safe bound,
And blinking at the bucks around;
With laughter loud they all began,
To see the monkey made a man,
And mounted high on Rory's pet,
That ne'er behind had lingered yet.

The fox turned out, to covert fled,
And after him the hounds all sped;
The huntsmen followed in the wake,
All, all of joy did loud partake;
'Twas thus they went, exciting show!
To cries "Hark Forward! Tally O!"
And soon from out the gazer's view,
Their varied chase did still pursue;
But Nimrod, rode by pug as jock,
A nearer cut sagacious took;
My lord observed the road he'd ta'en,
And after him his mare did rein;
But when he came to two cross-ways
He stopped awhile around him gaze,
And asked a bumpkin standing nigh,
If he'd a huntsman seen go by,
And which the way he turned his horse,
That he might follow in his course.
"Ees, zur, I ave," replied the clown,
"He's jist that road gone floying down;
Odzooks, it made I scratch moy pate
To zee him roide at sich a rate;
An' I'ze afeered, zur, in moy reck,
That the young gent woll break his neck!"

"Thank you, my friend!" his lordship cried,
And on in quest of pug did ride;
Full many a mile he traversed round,
'Till near he came to rising ground,
Where gathered stood the hunters' keen,
Who'd met to hail the final scene;
There, too, was pug; he first came in
The fox's much sought brush to win;
But ne'er was known his tricks display
In stable from that very day.

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